

**A False Voice.**

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and one of the surest ways of finding out what a man is, is to hear him speak. The handwriting and the personal appearance tell much about a man's true character, but the representation is incomplete without the sound of his voice. This often reveals piety, hypocrisy, emptiness, trickery, caution, wisdom, shrewdness, brutality, coarseness, and other traits of human character, both good and evil.

The old blind man who was summoned to pass judgment on a stranger whose volubility had mystified the ordinary meeting-goers said, "I will come up, and you get him to pray, and I can tell!"

There is nothing more disgusting to the average saint or sinner, than a finical affectation in the tones of the voice; a studied unnaturalness, which some people substitute as an improvement on the voices which God gave them. I remember once listening to the devotions of the chaplain of a public institution,—a good man as far as I know, but with a beautiful and affected voice, which I am sure was not at all designed for every-day use. The impression it made was most painful; and the deportment of the listeners, though necessarily decorous, left little doubt that many of them felt that the whole thing was a mere performance in which no one had much heart.

We listened once since to a polished address from a minister of repute, in delivering which there was probably not one tone of his natural voice used. He wrote and spoke learnedly and elegantly, but it seemed certain that the voice he used was not his own.

Now this is just what sensible men do not want. They have no time for this nonsensical masquerading; they want Christians and ministers to put away canting, and intoning, and simpering, and speak right on, if they have something to say; and if not, let them hold their peace, and give some one else a chance.

The moment we see that a man is talking to us with an assumed voice, we naturally begin to question whether we are listening to a genuine man. Is he not himself fictitious? If he thinks more of some other voice than he does his own, is he not also delivering the words and opinions of others rather than his own? In a word, is he not a mere echo, instead of a voice crying in the wilderness, as he thinks himself to be?

We get the impression of shallowness, if not of insincerity, from such a man's elaborate and finical intonings, and we grow weary of the precision of that display which, pretending to be a battle, is evidently only a dress parade.

It is related that when the late Horace Greely received a very carefully and elegantly written manuscript, unless it was a copy made for the printers' use, he rejected it in advance; doubtless judging that no man of earnest purpose and burning thought would have time to make such shapely letters, and look so carefully to shadings and hair lines. By parity of reasoning it would be pretty safe to adjust one's self for a nap as soon as one of these affected and artificial-toned talkers begins his performance. We must be sure that such a course will involve little danger of loss, either of ideas or inspirations; that is unless there may be some borrowed matter brought into the case, and even then it requires good judgment to steal to advantage, and a man who has good judgment may not find it needful to steal at all.

The lesson is, be yourself, and not any other man, whether better or worse. Let us see your own face, get your own ideas, and hear your own voice. Crudeness is better than emptiness; and honest simplicity is preferable to the most carefully-gotten-up sham. Give up what you have, in simplicity and godly sincerity. Honest indifference is better than pretended sympathy, and genuine coolness is preferable to stimulated pathos. Throw your whines and tones and affections to the winds, and talk to people in the pulpit as you talk to them at the fireside, only elevating the voice as you would to one at the other end of the room. In short, after ridding yourself as far as possible of errors and bad habits of speech, and developing your voice as best you may, let the voice take care of itself, and never try to talk as any one else. But fill yourself with the living Word of God, and then pour it

out, as from a full fountain to refresh the thirsty souls; and men will flock to hear you as thirsty souls would leave a painted Niagara for a genuine fountain of living water.—The Army.

**Leading the Fashions.**

A young lady who, at one time, was an active Christian, on becoming older drifted away from her former life, and gave herself up to pleasure, dress and society life. Young girls looked upon her with envy and admiration, as they saw her the leader of society and enjoying life to the full. One day as she was returning from California, an accident occurred on the train and she was fatally injured. They carried her into the dingy little station, and there the physician told her she must die in a short time. She looked about her at the dingy walls and the stove stained with tobacco, and then turning to the physician she said, with a half smile, "I have but an hour, you tell me?" "No more," he said. "And this is all that is left me of the world. It is not much doctor." The men left the room and the doctor locked the door that she might not be disturbed. She threw her arms over her face and lay quite a long time, then turned on him in a frenzy. "To think of all that I might have done with my money and my time! God wanted me to help the poor and sick. It's too late now. I've only an hour!" She struggled up wildly "Why, doctor, I did nothing—nothing but lead the fashion! Now I've only an hour! It's too late!" and in a moment she lay dead at his feet. Think of the men and women who might have been saved; of the poor and lonely who might have been cheered and helped had she chosen to live for Christ instead of fashion.—Home Herald.

**To Those Who Write and Report for Our Holiness Papers.**

I write from a reader's standpoint and in no sense for the editors of our papers.

I know they love their readers and those who kindly write for their papers; they dislike to erase a word from the articles sent to them, though they often see things that hurt them, hurt the writers and do harm to the paper and the cause of Christ. All articles that smack of self instead of meekly telling of the blessings of the Lord, and all attempts by one professing to be sanctified by the blood of Christ, to be witty and say smart, ridiculous things, such as when he arrived "the chickens all took to the woods," and all such common stuff repels every thoughtful, consecrated reader and degrades not only the writer, but also the paper and its cause.

God's sanctified children should be cheerful, thoughtful and conservative in all they say and do, and never say or do anything to let down the cause so dear to our hearts. How Satan does love to rush the dear children of God into foolishness and extravagance. Sometimes those interested in a meeting are surprised at the numbers reported to have been at the altar and saved and sanctified. I do not believe that our brethren would intentionally make any false statement; but they are sometimes not as thoughtful and conservative as they should be. We should always be sure to be within the number.

I maintain and insist that our editors, as a kindness to those of us who write reports of meetings, should very carefully read over our reports, which may have been written when we felt elated, (as is often the case) and should erase anything that will strike the reader as foolish or out of place, so as not to bring any reproach upon our blessed Lord.

Our Father has blessed my associates and myself in all the meetings we have held this spring, for which we praise His holy name.

May this be the greatest year for Holiness the world has ever known.—Pentecostal Herald.

**The Total Abstainer is a Good Samaritan.**

And it came to pass as a certain man journeyed from the cradle to the grave he fell among saloon keepers, who robbed him of his money, ruined his good name, destroyed his reason, and then kicked him out worse than dead.

A moderate drinker came that way, and when he saw him he said: "He is but a dog; they served him right. Let

him die; he is a curse to his family." And also a license voter came that way, and when he saw him he said: "The brute! put a ball and chain upon his neck and work him on the s."

And a fanatic teetotaler came that way, and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and raised him up, assisted him to his home, and ministered to his wants and the wants of his family; got him to sign the pledge and started him on his journey in comfort and happiness.

Who, think you, was the greater friend to humanity—the saloon-keeper, the moderate drinker, the license voter, or the fanatic teetotaler?—Rev. A. J. Gordon, in Watchword.

**Who is in Possession.**

Every one's mind is bound to be possessed by something. There is probably no such thing as a really vacant mind,—though some lives might seem to imply that there is. Our minds are dominated, all the time, by one interest or another; with some it is things,—money, clothes, furniture, material possessions of different sorts; with others it is intellectual interests, social interests, physical activities, and so on. But possessed and controlled the mind is bound to be, by something, and it is for us to choose that something, if we will. Happy is he who chooses and persistently cultivates interests that are inexhaustible in their richness, and that grow better and more interesting as he is the more completely possessed by them! Wretched is the one who lets his mind be as beck and call of any vagrant interest that may wish to come in and take possession! If we will let the Creator of our minds choose our interests for us, we need fear no unfriendly possession, for His power of "casting down imaginations," and bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ."—S. S. Times.

**Why We Fail.**

No man was ever unfairly tempted since the world began. There is only one reason for failure, though we like to believe otherwise. A minister recently prayed in public: "Sometimes we stumble and fall because the temptations are so strong." Nonsense! No one ever fell because the temptation was so strong; we fall because we will not lay hold on the strength that is right at hand and that we so wilfully decline to use. We fail because we want to; because we work with the temptation instead of against it. Whenever we really want to win, enough to surrender ourselves to Christ's keeping the strongest temptation that the devil ever conceived becomes limp and flabby and impotent. "There hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear," and the manly thing to do is to admit it.—S. S. Times.

**Dolly's Brothers and Sisters.**

Dolly, about four years old, was prattling to a gentleman who was in her home for the first time. He, knowing her to be the only child, said, "Well, my dear, so you have no brothers and sisters." "Oh, yes, I have," she said, "I have millions of them." "You have!" said he, "why, where do you keep them?" "Oh," she said, "all the little 'heaven' boys and girls are my brothers and sisters." She had found out what it takes many grown people a long time to discover, that the heaven people are our relatives and should receive our help and care.—Sel.

**The Sharpest Sword.**

In 1547 King Edward VI. came to the throne at the tender age of ten, and, as an indication of his attitude towards the Bible, it is related of him, that seeing the three swords of state being borne before him, he asked where was the fourth sword—the sword of the spirit? Whereupon a Bible was handed to him. This simple and touching incident made such an impression upon the nation that ever since that time the presentation of a Bible to the sovereign has formed a prominent part of the English coronation ceremony.—Sel.

O, fine and delicate and manifold and most entangled are the issues of life which surround us—he who walks through life with an even temper and a gentle patience, patient with himself, patient with others, patient with difficulties and crosses, he has a every-day greatness beyond that which is won in battles or chanted in cathedrals.—Dr. Dewey.

**Temperance Notes.**

From one hundred dollars spent in boots, labor gets twenty; for the same amount in hardware, labor gets twenty-four; and the same amount in alcohol, labor gets one dollar.

Temperance lectures were delivered to the German fleet in 1907-8. The man-aging committee for the common schools in Stockholm has appropriated a large sum for lectures on alcoholism and hygiene.

The churches and schools in Newfoundland do more in temperance education than do temperance societies.

Compulsory military service has been enacted in Australia and is expected to prove one of the most potent factors in that country in the promotion of temperance.

One of the strongest arguments used by the National Service League of Great Britain for compulsory military service is that it promotes temperance and sobriety.

Switzerland, which has universal military service, has in the last twenty years reduced its per capita consumption of beverages of all kinds, including alcohol, more than fifty per cent; this in spite of the enormous tourist traffic, and the sale of spirits and light wines to outsiders.

"That each may receive the things done in the body."—2 Cor. 5:10.

A. J. Gordon used to say, "Gifts should come from the warm hand of compassion, not from the skeleton fingers of a corpse." Post-mortem gifts lose vastly in sympathetic value, a precious element in Christian charity. Giving while living is the only safe way. By a strange irony of custom we call a man's legacy his will, while often a legacy proves a contrivance for getting one's will defeated. Samuel Tilden left six million dollars for a public library for New York. The will was broken. A. T. Stewart planned to give ten millions for a public benefit. Both of these men might have been revered as public benefactors, as Peter Cooper is, who executed his own will, and founded Cooper Institute, where thousands enjoy blessed opportunities they otherwise could never have had. Lord Shaftsbury says, "We often read of munificent bequests. I see no munificence in bequeathing your property when you have no possibility of longer enjoying it." This thought is accorded to Scripture. Only those who lay up treasures in heaven, by laying it out on earth, will find it hereafter. Only the "deeds done in the body" have promise of reward. To make death the almoner is a worldly custom invented by Satan, death's most intimate friend, to defeat the Lord of His dues, and cheat the Christian of his reward.—The Lamp of Light.

**Be Courteous.**

The habit of treating those who are nearest and dearest to us with discourtesy and disregard, is one that clouds the sunshine of too many homes. When we learn to be polite, not only as society people, but as husbands and wives, sisters and brothers, parents and children, we shall do well. No home can be happy wherein sarcastic speech and rude disregard for one another's rights is the rule.—Selected.

The gift of the Holy Ghost is the indispensable qualification in the diffusion of the Christian religion. It is the power the strength, the wisdom of God in the execution of His great plans for the salvation of men. With this power, the Church becomes a witnessing Church, and bears testimony to the uttermost parts of the earth of the blood of Jesus Christ to cleanse and to save to the uttermost.—S. W. Advocate.

Christian perfection does not make any person infallible. There is no such perfection to be obtained in this life. It does not perfectly save our heads, but it does our hearts. Glory be to Jesus! Hallelujah!

I can't help praising the Lord, As I go along the street, I lift up one foot, and it seems to say, "Glory;" and I lift up the other, and it seems to say, "Amen;" and so they keep up like that all the time I am walking.—Billy Bray.

The deep of God's love swallowed me up; all its waves and billows rolled over me.—Bishop Hamline.

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN**

A little word in kindness spoken,  
A motion, or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken  
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth  
Full many a budding flower,  
Which, had a smile but owned it's birth,  
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing  
A pleasant word to speak;  
The face you wear, the thought you bring  
A heart may heal or break.  
—Whittier.

**A True Face.**

While it is not possible for everyone to possess a beautiful face, all may have a true one, for it is nearly always the index of the hidden life. If the soul within is true and pure, the face will reveal the fact. The sweet inner grace will flash out of the eye, or be stamped upon the meek, quiet face, in a way not to be misunderstood. Like the great sun at noonday that so plainly reveals its light and beauty, the true soul shines out upon the face and makes it bright and lovely. A true face is more desirable than a "handsome" one, is really more full of beauty, and leaves a deeper impression upon others. It wins its way as it shines for the Master. The world has keen eyes and is quick to discern the true from the false.

Seek, then, to carry a true face. Let the sunny smile be in keeping with the sunny spirit. Keep the inner life full of tenderness, love and purity, and they will overflow until the outer life is touched with these sterling graces. If the dear Father abides in the life and heart, the face will be true and the deeds good. His presence alone makes the face bright and sunny, pure and true.—Selected.

**Right Companions.**

The girl whom we love and honor is very careful in her choice of friends. She selects those whose presence strengthens her socially as well as morally. She is kind to all, but her friends are the earnest, noble-hearted young men and women.

She always gives a kind word to the erring one and strives to help those who have fallen, back to the better path. One word from the lips of a girl may be of great importance. It may influence for good or evil. Let it be for good, girls. Let us drink in the sweets of girlhood. Let us cherish its purity. Let us have our words and actions, accompanied by the thought, "Thou God seest me." And let us have for our daily prayer: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer."

Then, when we have passed beyond the happy years of girlhood, we can look back with pleasure on the moments used in doing work for the Master in a quiet, unassuming way.—Selected.

**The Real Touchstone.**

The highest achievement of charity is to love our enemies; but to bear cheerfully with our neighbor's failings is scarcely an inferior grace. It is easy enough to love those who are agreeable and obliging—what fly is not attracted by sugar or honey? But to love one who is cross, perverse, tiresome is not pleasant. Nevertheless, this is the real touchstone of brotherly love. The best way of practising it is to put ourselves in the place of him who tries us, and to see how we would wish him to treat us if we had his defects. We must put ourselves in the place of the buyer when we sell, and the seller when we buy, if we want to deal fairly.—Francis de Sales.

**Keep Close to Mother.**

Have you ever stopped to think that the majority of boys who succeed are the ones who honor their mother?

Sometimes boys get to the place where they are dissatisfied with the restraints of the home life, and are anxious to cut loose from home influences and strike out to be men for themselves. Boys are afraid, you know, of being "tied to their mother's apron-strings." But the boy who listens to his mother rarely goes wrong, rarely lands in jail, occupying a felon's cell.—Selected.